

State Library

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

J. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

With Malice toward none; With Charity for all.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM, in Advance.

VOL. XXI.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FEBRUARY 19, 1892

NO. 2.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Wood Ashes as a Fertilizer.

The use of wood ashes as a fertilizer should be more generally understood. Hard-wood ashes are much richer in potash than soft-wood ashes and are relatively more valuable. Leached wood ashes are hardly worth more than the labor of spreading on the land as a rule, but on a light sandy soil they have a tendency to compact, which is an ail to its physical condition, but it does not act as a manure. Unbleached wood ashes is almost a special fertilizer for all fruit crops and only needs the addition of a little nitrogeous material to make it complete. They should never be mixed with such nitrogenous manures as hen manure and other animal excrements for they start chemical action in consequence, the nitrogen is thrown off in the form of ammonia and is wasted. Unbleached ashes form a cheap source of potash.—New York World.

WORLD'S FAIR.

OFFICE OF BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, RALEIGH, N. C.
January 15, 1892.

The Board of Agriculture has undertaken to make an exhibit of the resources of the State of North Carolina at the Columbian Exposition, and has appointed the World's Fair Executive Committee to carry out this purpose. This Committee appeals to the citizens of the State to give them a cordial support, and to aid them in furnishing an exhibit that will be illustrative of the State's resources of every kind.

We confidently expect that North Carolina will be able to sustain herself in high competition with the rest of the world.

Every country in the world and every State in the Union is expected to participate at this display if the world's resources and progress in every department of the human effort. It will give some idea of the extent of this Exposition when it is remembered that 750 acres, more than a great plantation, is embraced in the grounds, and that 150 acres will be covered with the necessary buildings. These buildings will be filled with every conceivable product of nature and art, and North Carolina can and will respond to what is expected of her.

In order that our State may take her proper place at this great Exposition, the Board intends to make collections in the following departments:

Agriculture—Food and food products, etc. Horticulture—Fruits, vines, and garden products, etc. Live Stock—Domestic and wild animals. Mines, Mining and Metallurgy—Minerals, building and monumental stones. Forestry—Timbers and forestry products. Fine Arts—Painting, decoration, etc. Ethnology—Indian relics, and specimens illustrating the progress of labor and invention. Liberal Arts—Education, engineering, etc. Manufacturers: Fish and Fisheries—Fish products and appliances for catching fish.

All correspondence to be sent to T. K. Burner, Commissioner in charge of exhibits and Secretary of the Committee, at Raleigh, N. C.

W. F. PAYNE,
A. LEAZAR,
W. E. STEVENS,
S. L. PATTERSON,
Committee.

Coffins and Caskets.

We have added largely to our stock, and now carry a full line of these goods—from the plainest wood coffin of the finest plush or velvet covered casket. Also a full line of coffin hardware, linings, trimmings, &c. All of which will be sold at reasonable prices.

Respectfully,
R. R. HARRIS & Co.
Louisburg, N. C.

NOTICE.

By virtue of the power conferred upon me in a deed of trust executed to me by T. J. Jackson and wife, of record in the Registry of Franklin County, in Book 87, at page 159, I will, on Monday, the 7th day of March 1892, at 12 o'clock M., at the Court House in Louisburg, N. C., sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following tract or parcel of land lying and being in Harris township, and described as follows: adjoining the lands of Mrs. E. A. Wheeler and Wesley Denton, containing 140 acres, more or less, being the tract of land conveyed on the 28th day of January 1854 to T. J. Jackson by W. T. Spivey by his deed of record in the Register's office in Book 33, at page 146.

This 2d day of February 1892.
F. S. SPURILL, Trustee.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Abel Strickland, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate to present them to me on or before February 5, 1892, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. This February 5, 1892.

G. T. LAFATER,
C. M. Cooke, Att'y.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as Administrator of D. B. N. of W. H. Joyner, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate will present them to me on or before Jan. 22, 1892, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will settle at once.

J. S. JOYNER, Adm.
Jan. 22, 1892.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as Administrator of J. D. Joyner, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate will present them to me on or before the 22 day of Jan. 1892, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will settle at once.

J. S. JOYNER, Adm.
Jan. 22, 1892.

CENTRAL HOTEL

J. P. Mussenburg Proprietor
HENDERSON, N. C.
Good accommodations. Good fare. Fo-
lite and attentive servants.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT.

Having opened a first-class Restaurant in Louisburg, I am prepared to serve meals at all hours. Can furnish a few persons lodging at night. My table is served with chicken, mutton, beef and everything the market affords. Always call in when you are hungry, and you shall have satisfaction.

Respectfully,
BONEY HAWKINS.

Circumstantial Evidence

By MARY E. STICKNEY.

(Copyright, 1891, by American Press Association.)

"But you won't catch anything," expostulated Inez, looking, after all, to be robbed of her company.

"Quiet, quiet," Donald, with a side glance at Anita that called a quick flush to her cheeks and an answering smile to her lips.

An hour later they were tramping away through the fields clothed in grasses waist high, glowing with all the vivid colors of the flora of the higher altitudes in the early summer, fresh washed from the frequent mountain rains and resonant with the happy hum of insect life.

"We have barely escaped with our lives, Nita," Donald was saying, wiping his forehead with a sigh of relief. "Every blessed one of those women was bent on coming with us. Did you not notice?"

"I must have been stone blind not to have noticed," with a ripple of amused laughter. "And the way you nipped their aspirations in the bud was simply cruel."

"Well, I did not want them," he sturdily protested. "Did you?"

"Not the least bit in the world. But, then, I could have submitted gracefully."

"Well, I could not. I want something better," bending smilingly to look into her eyes under the shade of her wide brimmed hat. Her color rose higher as her eyes dropped shyly under his look.

As remote from the world of men as it that Rocky mountain trout stream, the sager feet of fishermen have found it out and have trodden a well worn trail along its banks. They were compelled to go single file, Donald ahead combating the way against the heavy bunches of bending grass, turning often to hand Anita a dew washed flower or help her across one of the frequent little pitfalls barrowed out by beavers. To her it was an enchanted land, full of rare beauty and delight as she followed, her eyes fixed wistfully on Donald's goodly form. At least he was here to the exclusion of all other women, her heart exulting at the thought. If he ever knew all, he might find it hard to forgive her; but even his coldness to a woman was softened by a gentle consideration that was not far from tenderness, and better that than the most impassioned love of another man.

The bank rose at last to a hill that left the creek crawling over its rocky bed far below in the shadow of the great cliff. They on the top looked down with bated breath and the exultant thrill that comes upon one when he stands on high places.

"Not such very good fishing," commented Anita smilingly, as she sank down to rest upon the carpet of pine needles, reds and oaks wafted down from the branches overhead. "not much fishing, but then"—An expressive pause, that told of exceeding content.

"Upon my word, I had forgotten that we came fishing," laughed Donald, dropping down beside her.

She was picking up bits of stone, throwing them one by one over the cliff. He sat furtively studying her flushed face, grown young with a look of happiness it had not worn for many a day.

"This is rather nice, Nita," he said at length, luxuriously inhaling long breaths of the pine scented air. "quite like a bit of old lang syne, isn't it?"

"Yes, she briefly assented, her face turned away. She seemed carefully searching for a pebble better suited to her purpose.

"We used to have some rather good times together, Nita; rather better than we have been having of late, don't you think?"

"Yes," she said again, in a weak little voice, her eyes, that could not see for sudden tears, rigidly fixed on the bit of stone she was nervously twisting in her fingers. He reached over and took the "other hand" that was lying idly in her lap, a delicate blue veined thing. It seemed as if the pressure of his thumb and finger might almost crush it into helpless deformity, and yet it had been stronger to shape his life, he thought, than all the powers of earth beside. Her wedding ring fitted loosely on her finger now, he noticed, and the great diamond that had been his extravagance flashed a few bright dots of light upon his hand and cuff. About as intangible in his grasp as "against" murmured Anita, in tender mockery, lifting her brimming eyes, in which he could not fail to read her secret. "Why, Don, there has never been a moment when I did not love you. I was mad for a moment, but—"

"I know," exclaimed Donald, stopping her words with kisses. "You cared for him first?"

"But you are wrong—utterly wrong," interrupting in her turn. "And then she told him all the miserable little story."

"If you had only loved me enough to trust me! If you had but guessed how I cared for you!" he exclaimed, his voice eloquent of pain, when her confession was finished. It was all he said of re-

THE SOCIAL GLASS.

How Good Neighbors Fall Out And Kill.

(Sacred Heart Review.)

The social glass reflects horrid shapes to those who indulge in it frequently. The daily papers chronicle two frightful consequences of the continued use of this soul distorting reflector. In one county there is an atrocious murder; in another city, a brutal assault, resulting in the death of a neighbor and friend. And yet when the criminals are brought to trial, it will be found that neither had any malicious feeling against his victim and that both, when not under the influence of liquor, were good neighbors and law abiding citizens. Sociable habits and the social glass are responsible for these two crimes. The criminals deserve punishment for their crimes. They will have no effective defence and no excuse will prevail to lessen their guilt by showing, that if they were in possession of their senses, they would have been incapable of their crimes. Punishment must be meted out, who will dare advance a plea in extenuation of their crimes, in favor of the brutal murders? Justice must prevail. We are a law abiding people and criminals must be punished that the community may be protected. All this is true and right, and yet there are those who think that an ounce of prevention may be used to prevent the development of criminal proclivities of men when the provocative cause leading to the commission of crime, is known to those who are authorized to prevent the committal of greater crimes by the arrest of those whose frequently intoxicated condition and quarrelsome dispositions foretell to the officers of the law, what the consequences of permitting the violent drunkard to remain at large, will be. A criminal is punished because he deserves punishment and to prevent others from committing crime. These two objects influenced law makers and law officers in the past, but we flatter ourselves that the prevention of crime is more to be desired than the punishment criminals. We do not regard our police officers as appointed for the sole purpose of arresting criminals. Theirs is a protective, preventive service and we treat them as guardians of the public peace, and except in preventing the influence of intoxicating liquor from developing criminal proclivities, they are quick to detect and prevent other influences from fostering criminals. If every one who became intoxicated knew that he was liable to arrest, his knowledge would have a wholesome effect on the drinker. But it may be said that the arresting of every one who became intoxicated would be an odious duty to impose on an officer; would be too degrading on good though weak citizens, and too great a humiliation on their families. This may be true, but the benefit to the weak and the gain to his miserable family would compensate for the humiliation. Though we doubt the goodness of any man who sacrifices his interests and the happiness of his family to the gratification of his appetite for intoxicating liquor, yet, would not go too far. We would only ask that the violent be sheltered in the county jail, until the violence of the storm raised by them has spent its force and they were sufficiently calmed to learn that they had been a public nuisance which could be no longer tolerated, and as they are generally well meaning and unselfish men, they would try to so conduct themselves as to escape personal inconvenience and punishment, and thus they would gain control of themselves in time to prevent their criminal proclivities from gaining control of them.

THE SOCIAL GLASS.

How Good Neighbors Fall Out And Kill.

(Sacred Heart Review.)

There is no other way to teach a child truthfulness except example. A fact that parents seldom take into account in the training of their children in the ways of truthfulness is that a young child is not born with an instinct for truth telling. The love of truth is an acquired virtue. A child can have it, but it must be taught it. And the way to teach truth is to live it. Never depart from the strictest truth with a child and he will soon come to know what truth means. And be patient if his little feet follow your own truth's highway, faltering sometimes. Remember how perplexed the little brain must often be betwixt the world of realities in which he dwells part of the time and the world of unrealities into which his busy imagination gives him the entree. He spends two-thirds of his waking time in saying that things are something else. He hitches a chair up with a rope and it is a fiery steed or a train of cars. Puts a big cocked hat on his head and he straightway becomes a fireman and rescues a throng of stricken people from a burning building. The cat is a lion or a tiger or a whale as may needs be, and the stuffed doll is a sick baby on which the small mother weeps profusely. In this shadow, half true world the little ones live and then suddenly one of their elders swoops down upon them and demands the sharpest, most accurate statements of facts from a bewildered little mind that cannot even know whether the world of fact is the one it habitually dwells in or not. The only wonder is that children are not all hopeless liars.—St. Louis Republic.

THE SOCIAL GLASS.

How Good Neighbors Fall Out And Kill.

(Sacred Heart Review.)

Why Christians Fail.

Many Christians are sincere in their purpose to do good in the world, but they fail of success. The reason is not far to seek. Some doubtless desire their own honor in the success of their efforts, but more have a fear lest they should injure their standing in the opinions of men. They shrink from doing anything for which their good sense or taste might be impugned. They are not ready like Paul to be judged beside themselves in Christ's cause. The "Country Parson" has a thought worth remembering when he says: "Just in proportion to the degree in which you cease to think of self, and with a single eye make your master's glory your great end, will be the good you will do. There is nothing that goes home to the hearts of people you try to influence for good, like the conviction that you are not thinking of yourself at all, but that you are thinking of them and of Christ's glory in their advantage and blessing here and hereafter.—Christian Intelligencer.

THE SOCIAL GLASS.

How Good Neighbors Fall Out And Kill.

(Sacred Heart Review.)

Truths Tarsely Taught.

Manure in agriculture is money.

No man is too old to plant a tree.

Clean culture makes easy culture.

Kill the bug and you destroy its progeny.

Save the screenings of your crops to feed.

Make a fruit orchard of your poultry yard.

Make a garden of your farm as far as possible.

The better the feed the better the product.

Our soil grows poor as our streams become fertilized.

Corn will never go out of fashion as a food crop.—Southern Cultivator.

If you've got a pain or ache or a bruise, Salvation Oil will reach the case instantly. 25 cents.

Attention Voters.—By resolution passed by our Legislature, all citizens are requested to see Dr. Ball's Congo Syrup and record the name as the people's remedy for coughs and colds. 25 cents.

THE SOCIAL GLASS.

How Good Neighbors Fall Out And Kill.

(Sacred Heart Review.)

That Tired Feeling.

The newspapers are having a good deal of fun nowadays over that "tired feeling," so much spoken of in medical advertisements, in connection with the ill-health of females: It may be a source of hilarity to witty paragraphs, but not so to suffering women, who, by overwork, and disregard of the laws of health, have lapsed into a condition bordering on invalidism. What most women need is to be relieved of some of the slavish work that is piled on them, and a free, but judicious use of strengthening tonics, such as F. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium), the greatest blood purifier and invigorator in use. Supports a builder up of women, bringing back lost energy to the body, and color to the faded cheeks, restoring the appetite, and thus re-creating in her that healthy vitality long lost. F. P. P. cures all blood diseases, such as rheumatism, syphilis, gout, scrofula, and all chronic affections, never recommending that melancholy enemy of man, Dyspepsia. For sale by Thomas & Aycock.

THE SOCIAL GLASS.

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Women suffer the afflictions of the servant questions simply because they won't help themselves.

Without doubt the most wonderful remedy for pain is Salvation Oil. It sells for 25 cents.

Reviews of latebooks have contained an alloy of painful anticipation on account of sleepless nights with the prospective baby, but Dr. Ball's Congo Syrup has made all that part a joy forever.

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WHAT IS IT HAS IT DONE? CAN IT DO?

The original and only genuine Compound Oxygen Treatment, that of Drs. Starkey & Paley is a scientific adjustment of the elements of Oxygen and Nitrogen magnetized and the compound is so condensed and made portable that it is sent all over the world.

It has been in use for over twenty years, thousands of patients have been treated, and over one thousand physicians have used it and recommended it—a very significant fact.

"Compound Oxygen"—Its Mode of Action and Benefits, is the title of a book of 200 pages, published by Drs. Starkey & Paley, which gives to all inquiring full information as to this remarkable operative agent and a good record of surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. Will be mailed free to any address on application.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEY,
1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
120 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Inquire for this paper.

THE SOCIAL GLASS.

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(Sacred Heart Review.)

Sensitive Foreign Noses.

A cabman charged with furious driving at Southwark has started the curious theory that an Englishman is capable of bearing a stronger scent than a foreigner. In front of his cab was a van laden with fish refuse. From this van proceeded an odor—the cabman called it an "aroma"—which two foreigners inside his vehicle found quite overpowering. The cabman consequently forged ahead, knocked a policeman down, and was duly summoned. As to the nature of the "aroma" there seemed to be no question.

The peccant cabman, with much delicacy of expression, merely described it as "thick," and added, "They were foreigners and could not stand it." This hypothesis of the greater anti-aromatic power possessed by Englishmen, compared with aliens, is one that should be examined by some comparative sociologist. It did not prevent a fine of ten shillings and costs.—London Telegraph.

Syphilis, rheumatism, old sores and ulcers, scrofula and catarrh are exactly the same disease that is cured by that powerful medicine, P. P. P. For sale by Thomas & Aycock, druggists, Louisburg, N. C.

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